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CONSIDERATIONS ON FEMALE VIRTUE.

WHEN a woman once determines to soar above every debasing object, her mind seconds the noble purpose with a force equal to that of men. Understanding has no sex; and this is a truth of which women cannot be too often reminded, as a powerful motive to detach them from all those trifles which they seem to make their supreme good.

Of female virtues, the most indispensable, and of greatest weight with us, is modesty. This lovely virtue has such an influence on the features, air, mind, and temper, that where it is wanting every thing disgusts.

It is, in woman, what sense and courage are to men, the very centre of their point of honour.

It is manifest, and may be said without any great flattery, that women have generally better hearts than men, are more tender, and more compassionate. In this I appeal to sick husbands, who for years together have been tended with indefatigable care by a lovely wife, burying herself in their chambers. Nothing is more common than to see women sit up with, and nurse their relations and acquaintance, whilst men only drop some little advice, or look in upon them now and then for a few minutes.

This wonderful sensibility of women is, both to themselves and us, a copious source of exquisite delights, and sometimes likewise of bitter pangs. Sentiment is their universal motive: it is born with them, and with them lives and dies: it produces in all ages, those amiable virtues which make us so fond of them; and to it are also owing those particular vices with which we upbraid them. The more sensible a heart is, the deeper root, on any offence, will jealousy, resentment, and revenge, strike in it; the wounds of the heart are not easily closed, and a woman of a tender disposition carries the sense of such an injury to her grave.

But whatever mixture of good and evil is allowed to be in women, still it must be granted, that, in general, they are truer in their affections, have a greater regard to honour, more fidelity, constancy, and lead a more regular life, than the bulk of men. How many distin-

guish themselves greatly in the management of their household, the education of their children, and affection for their husbands! but these worthy women are not the most fond of being seen: virtue seeks concealment as much as vice delights to shew itself.

The circumstance of the surrender of Veinsburgh, to Conrad III. when the women petitioned for leave to carry away what their strength allowed, and were beheld marching out with their husbands on their backs, shewed a goodness of heart, not confined to one or two individually, but to the females in general.

It is inconceivable how many virtues there are, quite unknown, in the sex. We are perpetually talking of noisy folly, and fluttering vanity, but take no notice of a thousand placid virtues, which yet are the very soul of domestic happiness. It is in well-regulated families, rather than at balls and assemblies, that women are found who tacitly vindicate their sex: they are to be sought for in our churches, and those houses where indigence and distress seem to shun the looks of those who are able to relieve them. There it is that female piety and benevolence distinguish themselves: if there be some who confining themselves to a punctilious devotion, only (if I may be allowed the expression) pay their compliments to virtue, a very great number of them are illumined by a real religion, ardent in the constant practice of solid piety, and free from the excesses of a superstitious zeal.

Virtue and wisdom are joined with the graces much oftener than the slanderers of the sex are willing to think. Men are so enamoured with beauty, that they would make it the whole of the woman's merit, never talking to them of any thing else. A fine woman is really, as they say, nature's master-piece; but this master-piece is not complete, where any thing is wanting to the soul. This is the proper object that calls for women's ambition: when beauty is combined with solid merit, it may be said to do honour to human nature. Virtue heightens beauty, and beauty adds a fresh lustre to virtue, which, in the person of an amiable and discreet woman, becomes in some measure personified, and all its charms shine forth in their full glory.

To the EDITOR of the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

PERUSING the other day, some remarkable incidents in the Victim of Magical Delusion, published in your entertaining Magazine, they brought to my recollection a train of well attested facts, authenticated by persons acquainted with the circumstances, and from whose oral testimonies I have had the particulars. The scene of the following history, I visited, in travelling through England, and was forcibly struck with its romantic appearance. The real names of the parties are suppressed—in every other instance I have strictly adhered to truth. Wishing you success in a work, I think well entitled to public favour,

I am yours, &c.

GEIMPS.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 21, 1796.

AFFECTING STORY OF
THOMAS AND ELIZA.

THOMAS GARTON was the eldest son of an opulent grazier in the luxuriant vale of Belvoir, near the elegant castle of the Duke of Rutland, and nephew to a dignitary in the church, who on the demise of a very old incumbent, became possessed of the living of B. where, during the summer, he generally resided, and which fell to him, as senior fellow of Emmanuel College, in the University of Cambridge. The mother of young Garton, was his favourite sister, and although he never cordially approved the choice she had made of an husband, yet loved her children with parental fondness.

No sooner was Doctor Barnard in possession of the living, that enabled him to pursue the generous dictates of his heart, and for which he had been waiting many years, than he united himself to a young lady, to whom he had been long betrothed. By his marriage with this amiable woman, he had one only child, a daughter, fair as the opening rose when bespangled with the morning dew. To a person uncommonly attractive, he added a mind highly susceptible, and a heart that glowed with every soft and tender emotion. On the education of the amiable Eliza, the Doctor spared no expence; his own assiduity was assisted by Mrs. Barnard, who was elegantly accomplished; and his little one promised to be every thing the fond parent could desire.

As the Doctor had no son, Thomas, the eldest of his sister's children, was frequently the selected companion for his cousin, during those early days of life, when trifles are important to the dawning mind. At the parsonage, therefore, he passed all the time which was not dedicated to scholastic pursuits. Garton was but one year older than Eliza, and not less amiable in his temper and disposition. He possessed a lively sense, a sprightly wit, and fascinating manners; these gifts, so profusely lavished by nature, soon rendered him a particular favourite, and determined Dr. Barnard, not only to superintend his education, but to take charge of his future fortune in life.

In the most happy manner the infantine days of the young people passed away, and nothing of importance

occurred, excepting those incidents which are natural to retired life, and to truly-susceptible hearts; but when riper years began to mature the mind, and when nature dictated the passions to point affection from sex to sex, Doctor B. saw with infinite satisfaction a growing partiality; he pleased himself with anticipating in conjunction with Mrs. B. the felicity of his daughter, blessed and protected by an husband, such as his imagination presented in Garton, who, he fondly supposed, would not only revere her virtues, but prove the tender sympathizing friend—the affectionate parent—the humane, kind and indulgent master. From all these amiable qualities of his adopted son, he was induced to hope, that when hoary age had worn down the vigour of manhood; he should experience an ample recompence for all his solicitude, whilst partaking the felicity of these, his children, and in witnessing their prosperity; with these prospects the maternal bosom of Mrs. B. most truly coincided.

Young Garton, agreeably to the plan laid down by his uncle, in his seventeenth year, was removed to Cambridge; previous to which, the progress he made under those masters provided for him, fully answered the expectations of his every friend. He had now been two years entered at Emmanuel College, and was impatiently expected at B. The anxious Eliza, who never parted from her cousin but with regret, and who always rejoiced at his return, with the most perfect simplicity and innocence of heart, for several evenings had taken her accustomed walk under a row of stately trees, skirting the road he was to pass, and near the rivulet that meandered thro' a neighbouring copse. Here, till the dew of eve warned her return, would she stray, nor even then quit it, but with reluctance, whilst an involuntary sigh escaped her bosom, at the apprehension of some accident which possibly might have retarded his journey; nor could the nightingale that at eve warbled his mellifluous song, cheer her into composure; then she recalled the hours, they had listened to his wild and plaintive note, and the tear of sensibility would steal adown her cheek. At length her griefs were hushed—he came, joined his friends, and passed the time he was to be absent from Cambridge at their sweet retreat.

In innocence and peace, swift fled the jocund hours; hours rendered truly blissful by a combination of all that could interest the heart, or fascinate the sense. The peculiar beauties too of the parsonage, contributed their share to the universal satisfaction that beamed over all; the season heightened every charm, and nature smiled with luxuriant vegetation. The mansion wherein this circle of dear relations resided, was small; it stood at the end of a populous village, surrounded with clumps of overshadowing elms; a small grass court before the door, filled with the jessamine, the rose, and fragrant honey suckle, regaled the sense; and an eglantine covered a rustic porch, which as usual in old buildings, projected from the house; it opened into a neatly stuccoed hall; on the right, the Doctor's study, with a well chosen collection of books; on the left, a dining parlour, contiguous to which was an elegant withdrawing room, lately built, and finished

according to the chastest rules of propriety. This room had a large circular window, that looked, over a small lawn, decorated with flowering shrubs, into the churchyard, and from which it was separated by an Ha-Ha, where, on a gentle eminence the mouldering building stood; at the west end of the church, was a battlemented tower, so profusely covered with hanging ivy, that the old clock could scarcely be perceived, whilst Gothic pointed windows, almost hid with the same, admitted a dim religious light; several grave stones were neatly disposed, and some good monuments inclosed with iron rails, planted round with the mournful yew, and funereal cypress, added to the solemnity of the scene; oaks the growth of ages, intermixed with the ash and trembling poplar, formed an impenetrable grove; they waved their dark green branches in the air, and sequestered this tranquil spot: Here no rude hands were suffered with polluted touch to disturb the peaceful mansions of the dead, which were profusely covered with every floweret of the spring, and with the lilly of the vale.

The season rapidly passed on, and the time approached, that according to annual custom, called the Doctor from his parish, to visit his Prebendal Stall, at Peterboro', and his young friend again to a collegiate life, where a few months longer residence, would finish an education which it was the uncle's wish, might be directed to the church. The evening previous to this separation, after having regulated every domestic circumstance, and given orders to his village almoner, respecting the distribution, of certain accustomed sums to the neighbouring poor, the family assembled to tea, in a small root house in the grove; here the worthy man advised his nephew, on several points necessary to be attended to on his return to college; he then called to him his Eliza, and taking of each a hand, thus affectionately addressed the listening children:

"I have, my dearest Thomas, and my much loved child, beheld your many virtues, with a heart-felt pleasure; and I please myself, with reflecting in part, they may be owing to the attention of this excellent woman, and to my own superintending care, grafted on naturally good dispositions, which have been the gift of a wise and an omnipotent creator. Ye both are yet extremely young, and ignorant of life—sheltered in the lowly cottage, from the storms that threaten destruction to busy man—ye have yet to learn that perfect happiness is not the lot of mortality; that only obedience to the will of God, and an humble resignation to his decrees, can insure peace to the woe-worn mind, or content to the aching heart. From the excellence of both, I have much to expect; but from you, my Thomas, I shall require that, which whilst it insures your felicity, will complete my own. Long, my dear boy, have I silently, and with pleasure beheld your affection for my Eliza! I have witnessed your laudable conduct in struggling to ensnare the heart of female timidity, e'er parental content had been obtained; and with equal pleasure, my dear girl, has your mother and myself witnessed those numerous little incidents that silently speak a reciprocal regard. I called

"you my children this evening, to approve of that affection, an affection, which I pray heaven to bless; and your mother, jointly with myself, here pledges you, each to the other: O! may ye both, when we are no more, be patterns to a rising generation, and as happy as we have been to the latest verge of life."

(To be continued.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MARGARET—A FRAGMENT.

"All eyes were closed in balmy sleep,
"Save those whom care awoke to weep."

PALE Luna had not yet finished her nightly course, and glistening on the spire of the church lent me sufficient light to see a female open the gate that led to the silent repository of the dead. Alexis had that day joined the tenants of the sod. She advanced leisurely to his grave; there was nothing to distinguish it from the others, save the new earth that covered it. A thought struck me, perhaps this is Margaret, but what can be her business here at this hour. It may be that she has found the means whereby she may speedily join her lover in a happier world, and intends not to return from this rendezvous of suffering mortals. I will prevent it, if possible. I entered by a nearer way, and placed myself at some distance from where the remains of Alexis were deposited. She seated herself on the grave, and after a few minutes broke silence:

My Alexis is gone, my love is no more,
He landed this day on heaven's bright shore;
Fain would I now this life resign,
And with my love,
Who's gone above,
Live happy till the end of time.

Here tears prevented her from speaking, and the sorrowing beauty began to strew the grave with flowers. I took out my handkerchief, and wiped the tears from my cheek—I am no stranger to sympathy. I again cast my eyes towards the spot; She had fallen from her seat! I flew to her assistance, and revived the fainted fair—she opened her eyes—"Oh! Sir," said she, "why did you not let me sleep the soft slumbers of death; But that starting tear tells me that nature has form'd you in one of her softest moulds; there are no charms in this world, that can prolong my stay."—She reached the basket that she had brought, laden with the sweetest fruits of Flora, and from it she took a paper, very neatly folded—"Here," continued she, "is the last letter I received from Alexis." The silver queen of night, seemed here to exert herself, that I might peruse its contents, and I began.

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L. B.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 25, 1796.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ST. HERBERT.—A TALE.

(Continued from page 266.)

"THE sun had scarce risen when my host led Louisa and myself to our destined habitation. None can judge of our surprise at beholding it, but yourself, to see in the midst of such a dreary wilderness, so much magnificence, and to find that magnificence deserted too, filled me with astonishment. I inquired of my guide, who was its owner, but he could give no account of it, no person ever having been seen there. We entered however, and having almost forced our way through cobwebs, that hung in sheets across the hall, we surveyed the apartments and found them all furnished in an elegant style, though we could easily discern that it was long since they had been occupied; we therefore did not hesitate to take up our abode here; but having procured from the farmer, an Indian girl to assist my Love in her family affairs, while I employed myself in the garden, we considered ourselves as settled for life.

"Though unaccustomed to labour, I arose each morning with the sun, either to guide the plough, or press the spade, and after my diurnal task was finished, I would stroll with my happy girl, along the banks of a creek, and amuse myself with catching small fish, which her soft hands would dress for my evening's repast; or we would wander to our neighbour's cot, and there with his little family, and perhaps some passenger who had strayed that way: we would divert ourselves upon the green with songs and innocent chat, or the guileless sports of youth. We knew no anxiety—we were contented: true we were poor, yet poverty did not afflict us, for ambition and envy found not a place in those hearts that were consecrated to pure and lasting affection. But short and uncertain is the period of mortal blessedness; how hasty were those happy hours, oh how they hurried away!

"We had been here near eleven months, when one evening (it was in April) as I was looking over some garden seeds by a bright pine-knot fire, while my Louisa sat knitting by my side, we heard a number of people speaking loud, and rushing through the hall, which sound being very unusual, we both rose instinctively, and stepped toward the door; it was opened from the outside immediately, and eight men in hunters' garments came in, and I was going to welcome them to my habitation, when a piercing and death-like shriek, which burst from my wife, fixed me to the ground. Filled with horror, I glanced my eyes every where—and they settled—Oh misery! how can I speak it—they settled upon the rage distorted visage of her uncle!

"'Monster,' exclaimed he, springing forward and seizing me by the throat, 'and is it here you have dared to take up your residence? After having pilfered from me my best gem, to place it in my own cabinet for yourself to gaze at? But you shall suffer for your insolence; I will exclude her from your sight forever.'

"'You dare not do it,' vociferated I, 'laws human or divine will not admit of such violence, for Louisa is my wife, and nought but death, shall wrest her from my bosom.' 'Wife,' repeated he, 'Wife—No, St. Herbert, do not believe it; you never were legally married. Yonder man, habited in green, the present keeper of my hounds, was the person who united you: all a farce I assure you.' A boisterous laughter filled the room, which shook me to the soul. I recognized the infamous being instantly, and had I been a mountain, I would have fallen upon the wretch, and crushed him to atoms. But I had no time for reflection or revenge, for the deep groans of my Love, who had fallen into an hysterical fit, told my heart, that she stood in need of my assistance; I flew to her and locked her in my arms, when the barbarians tore her from my embrace, and having bound my hands and feet, they conveyed me into a large dark room, then securing the door and windows, they left me to myself.

"Slow and dismal were the leaden-footed hours that passed, ere Aurora shot her purple beams through the crevices of my lonely prison; I was almost in a state of stupor—the transition from bliss to woe, was so great—so sudden, that it scarce left me the faculty of thinking. I had believed Louisa mine, and that assurance was the extent of my wishes, the completion of my happiness; but this horrible discovery, had blasted every hope, and forbade even memory to smile. The unbarring of my chamber door, at length roused me from my stupor. Some person entered, and upon pushing open one of the windows, discovered himself to be Maurisson; every pulse around my heart beat with indignation. 'Where is my Louisa?' demanded I; 'where you will never see her,' returned he, 'this house is mine, and she is my prisoner within it; you are free; if you stay near this place and conduct yourself with propriety, you may hear from her sometimes; but if you quit it only for a day, I will convey her where you shall have no tidings of her;' so saying, he unbound me, and I arose without reply, for hopeless grief had closed the avenues of utterance; and he, taking me by the arm, led me out of the mansion, and bolted the door after me.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE OF PHILIP, KING OF MACEDON, FATHER TO ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

A Citizen of Macedon demanding justice of Philip, who had been drinking, which caused him to doze in the chair of judgment; the citizen finding he lost his cause from the king's inattention, cried out in an audible voice, I appeal, which roused the haughty monarch, who sternly replied, to whom do you appeal? The honest man, not in the least abashed, added, from you asleep, to you awake. Though the words were very pungent, yet Philip thought proper to inform himself more fully of the affair, and finding he had right on his side, he revoked the sentence, and gave him his suit by way of appeal.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MICHEL, DUKE DE CA*IA.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 270.)

HAVING spent about eight minutes in that dreadful situation, I heard suddenly the report of a gun from without, and at the same time a confused noise of well-known voices vibrated in my ear. I recovered at once my full recollection, which had been partly suspended by an irresistible charm, and re-ascended hastily the steps. Having pushed open the trap door, heavens! what a scene did then my eyes behold! I fancied I saw some magic delusion. The first object which my eyes met, was Count Barbis and my tutor, who ran to clasp me in their arms as soon as I appeared. However, my first astonishment soon gave room to a second and greater one. Four constables had taken hold of the *Unknown*, and were going to tie his hands and feet. He seemed entirely unconcerned, and suffered himself to be fettered with the noble scorn of a lion, who is bound with cords. At length he turned towards me: "Ascribe it," said he, "to your irresolution, that you have not got what you wanted." "Away with him!" the Count exclaimed in a thundering accent—"lead the impostor to the dungeon!" The *Unknown* darted a look of annihilation at the Count, without vouchsafing to return an answer. When he was going to be led away by the constables, he addressed me once more. "Farewell! my Lord," said he, "at ***n, I shall see you again." The place which he named, was above three hundred leagues distant.

"This time," the Count called out after him, "thy prophecy shall prove false, for the hand of the hang-man will quickly stop thee for ever in thy diabolical career."

I was rivetted to the ground, and every power of reflection seemed suspended. My tutor took me by the hand and entreated me to follow him. "Come!" said he, "and thank this worthy man for his having delivered you from the fangs of an infernal impostor."

"An impostor?" I replied, still seized with wonder and astonishment.

"Yes an impostor," the Count said, "I will give you convincing proofs of it."

"Impossible!"

"Certainly," he resumed, "if you believe it impossible, then it will be difficult to convince you of the reality of my assertion."

"By heaven it will!"

The Count stared at me with rising indignation, and then turned to my tutor, "how much are we to be pitied that we by our premature intercession—"

I interrupted him with swelling anger: "Count, I know what you are going to say; but I beg you will not take too much liberty with me; if the man proves an impostor, I certainly shall be very thankful to you; but till then, you will have the goodness to bear with my incredulity."

"By heaven this is too much!" my tutor exclaimed, "what foolish delusion has fettered your heart to this villain?"

"Delusion!—do you not owe your life to this very villain? or was the poignard which was pointed at your heart, and guarded off by that villain also, a mere delusion?"

"One good action is no proof of honesty and virtue; and, besides one can save the life of a person with a very villainous view."

"Or was it also a foolish delusion that when I lately plunged into the river, this very villain saved my life, which could then be preserved only by a kind of miracle?"

"How!" my tutor exclaimed, with astonishment, "your life has been in danger, and you have concealed it from me?"

"Why should I have acquainted you with an incident, the relation of which would have terrified you, and covered me with blushes, without answering any purpose? But now, as the honour of my unknown benefactor is at stake, I cannot keep it secret any longer."

"You fell into the river? Merciful God!"

"Through—carelessness, I was walking one evening, by myself, close by the side of the river:—Being immersed in profound thought, I did not observe that I was walking on the outermost extremity of the bank, the ground beneath my feet suddenly gave way—"

"Merciful God! and you fell down?"

"I fell in the water. The current hurried me along; I endeavoured to save my life by swimming, but entangled myself in my cloak, and went to the bottom."

"You went to the bottom?"

"I had already lost all power of recollection, and when I recovered the use of my senses I found myself in the arms of—the villain whom you have sent to prison."

"Come, Count," my tutor exclaimed, "for God's sake come!"

"Whither?"

"How can you ask? to save a man to whom we owe two lives."

"But you don't consider, that this action is not sufficient to prove his innocence; and that he, nevertheless, may be an impostor."

"Here is nothing to consider, except that he has acted in a noble manner, with respect to myself and my pupil, and consequently has a just claim to our gratitude."

"Acted in a noble manner?—Even two good actions are no proofs of honesty and virtue, and besides, one may save the lives of two persons for a very villainous purpose."

"Then you will not go with us," I exclaimed with warmth, "Come!" taking my tutor by the arm, "don't let us waste so much time with useless talk; the life of our benefactor is at stake."

"Well, go, if you have a mind to have a useless walk," the Count resumed. "Do you think justice will be so

"partial in this country, as to pardon a criminal because he has been serviceable to you?"

"You are right," my tutor replied, after some reflection. "This time my old head has been misguided again by my heart."

We were now arrived at the hotel of the Count. He took leave very cordially of my tutor, but very coldly of me. This, and his having thwarted my plan of making an attempt to save the *Unknown*, vexed me very much, and I was determined to be revenged.

My tutor very probably expected my curiosity would tempt me to enquire after the particulars of the whole incident, however, he was disappointed. I was vexed, indispensed, anxious about the fate of the *Unknown*, and consequently would easily bridle my curiosity. My tutor who seemed desirous to rouse it, in order to justify his behaviour towards the *Unknown* and the Count, endeavoured to unseal my lips by repeated reproaches on account of my carelessness, my reservedness, &c. &c. however I returned very short and dry answers, wished him a good night and went to bed.

I slept very uneasy, my sleep being interrupted by horrid dreams. I got up early; an unaccountable restlessness drove me out of the house, and I rode to the Count. He was just going out, and surprized at my early visit.

"Can you spare me a few minutes, Count?"

"As many as you wish; in what can I serve you?"

"You have calumniated yesterday, a man who is dear to me."

"I have, if speaking truth can be called calumniating."

"You have called him an impostor."

"I did; and I am ready to maintain my assertion."

"With the sword too?"

"Certainly!"

"Then be so kind as to take a ride with me into the fields."

"Why take so much pains? can we not decide the matter here?"

We unsheathed our swords.

"Stop only one moment," the Count exclaimed, "will you not hear first my justification? perhaps you may change your mind."

"A *perhaps* has no weight with me, if the honour of a friend is at stake! Let us come to the point!"

I must remark here, that in my native town I was known to possess the greatest skill in fencing, and feared by every one on that account. I had indeed attained a very high degree of perfection in that art, partly through my natural agility and flexibility of body, and partly through frequent exercise, the consciousness of which made me boldly face every danger, and prompted me now also to meet the Count with the greatest intrepidity.

The fight began, and I observed from the first onset that my antagonist was no common fencer. But soon I experienced more than that, being disarmed after the first six turns.

The Count wanted to shake hands with me. "One

"turn more!" I exclaimed, taking up my rapier. He stepped back with uncommon coolness, and waited my attack. But no feint nor surprizing turn succeeded. Profoundly skilled in every art of fencing, he parried with uncommon ease and dexterity every onset, though planned ever so subtle. This fired my ambition to the highest degree; the burning desire to satiate my thirst for revenge, and to conquer such a master in fencing, made me exert all my strength. Vain endeavour! I could as easily have wounded the incorporeal air, as I was able to strike a blow at my antagonist.

"You see," the Count said smiling, "that my blade possesses a magic charm which repulses irresistibly the point of your sword. Let us make up the matter."

I took these words for raillery, exclaiming in an accent of frantic fury—"One turn more, perhaps I may dispel the charm!" I fought now with additional rage, because my pride was nettled. Seeing that all my efforts of wounding the Count proved abortive, my rage increased, and I risked several desperate attempts. "Take care," the Count exclaimed, "you are off your guard." This remark, and his uncommon coolness, (for he acted only on the defensive) rendered me almost mad. "I or you!" I exclaimed. "Neither you nor I!" was his reply. He pronounced these words with so much self-confidence, that I could not doubt his being certain of his superior skill. I had, as yet, endeavoured in vain to strike an indifferent blow, but now my sword was pointed at his heart. The Count perceived my aim, but still behaved with the same coolness and forbearance. At length my ardour abated, my strength and art were exhausted, and the Count was still unhurt. "No!" I now exclaimed, throwing my weapon to the ground, "I will not fight against you any longer. Here is my hand, Count, I am reconciled."

He embraced me with the warmest cordiality. "I have fought many duels," I added, "but I have never met with such an antagonist. I must confess you are my master."

"And I am proud," was his reply, "of having regained by my sword, a friend whom I had lost by an action to which the sincerest affection had prompted me."

"Let me hear the particulars of that strange incident; I am desirous to know your charges against the *Unknown*, and still more so to hear how you happened to deliver me from his power."

"Is it possible your tutor should not have told it you already?"

"He wanted to do it yesterday, but I would not listen to him."

"Now I conceive--"

"How could I challenge you? I must confess I did wrong that I would not listen to your justification, and I hope you will excuse and forgive it. Let me now hear what you have to say."

"The day before you visited me the last time, your tutor came to my house, pretending you had said so much to my praise that he could no longer resist the desire of being better acquainted with me. The first reci-

"procal compliments being over, we happened to discourse of you. Your tutor asked me when you had been with me the last time? I named the day; he shook his head, and turned the discourse upon another subject. I soon became sensible that my new acquaintance was a man of an excellent understanding, and a most amiable disposition of heart; and observed with sweet pleasure that I seemed not to be indifferent to him. Our discourse soon became more animated, warm and unreserved, and you happened again to become the subject of our conversation. I cannot conceal any longer from you (your tutor said) that this young man is extremely dear to me, that I love him almost better than myself. He is grown up under my hands, I have unfolded his understanding, and chiefly through my care and attention to his improvement, (I can say, without flattering myself) he became what he is—an excellent promising young man, of whom I have reason to be proud. What a happy prospect does he afford his country, which will reap one time the fruits of the blossom which my eye beholds at present with silent satisfaction."

"In this strain he continued to speak a good while.—But you pay no attention to what I am saying!"

"I am all attention, be so kind as to go on!"

"However those endowments of mind, your tutor continued, 'which I saw bud with so much pleasure, and improved and nursed with so much care: his burning thirst after knowledge, his fondness for whatever is singular and uncommon, his sensible heart and glowing fancy—these excellent qualities begin now to take a turn which has caused me many gloomy days, and many nights of silent sorrow.'"

"All this has my tutor told you?"

"Let me proceed!" "If you will promise me to keep it to yourself," he continued, "I will disclose to you an incident which will enable you to judge of the dangerous turn the mind of this young man has taken."

"Having promised upon my honour to be discreet, he related to me your adventures with the *Unknown*. When he had finished his relation, he looked at me for some time, gloomy and silent; then he took me by the hand and said, 'Count, I have communicated to you all that I know of the matter; however, I fear I do not know all, a silent apprehension tells me that he continues his connection with that dangerous man without my knowledge. He who never concealed any thing from me, who has laid open to me the most hidden recesses of his soul, is grown at once close and reserved. I fear, I fear he is still connected with the *Unknown*, and meets him at night, for he always comes home very late.'"

"Indeed! did he tell you so?"

"Yes, your tutor told me so, and conjured me with tears if I should make a discovery on that point to communicate it to him without delay. An accident enabled me sooner than I had expected to return his confidence in me!"

"Indeed, I am curious to know what accident this was!"

(To be continued.)

Answer to the Enigmatical list of HANDSOME young Gentlemen, in the last number.

- 1 Mr. MARSCHALK.
- 2 Mr. STORM.
- 3 Mr. TITUS.
- 4 Mr. BLISS.
- 5 Mr. CAMPBELL.
- 6 Mr. DAVIS.
- 7 Mr. ELLIS.
- 8 Mr. WOODS.
- 9 Mr. FOWLER.
- 10 Mr. BROTHERTON.
- 11 Mr. FERGUSON.
- 12 Mr. WILLIAMS.

R. C.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 26, 1796.

ENIGMATICAL LIST of YOUNG LADIES residing in this city.

1. Three-fourths of a water-fowl, and the latter three-sixths of a coin.
2. Part of a ship, and two eighths of a christian-name.
3. Two sixths of the god of riches, and half of a priest of Bacchus.
4. A christian name, omitting one letter, and a consonant.
5. Three-sevenths of a giant, who was killed by Jupiter for opposing the passage of Hercules over the Rhine; two thirds of a romp, and the Lord of the creation, changing a letter.
6. Three eighths of a kind of grass, two-sixths of to stop, and a consonant.

EUGENE.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 21, 1796.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday se'nnight by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. GERARD DEPEYSTER, son of Mr. James Depeyster, of Bloomingdale, to Miss MARGARET DEPEYSTER, eldest daughter of Mr. John DEPEYSTER, of this city.

A few days ago, by the Rev. Mr. Phebus, Mr. WHITNEY WEST, to Miss SALLY LEEK, both of this city.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 21st, to the 27th ult.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at 8, A. M. 1, P. M. 6, P. M. deg. 100 deg. 100 deg. 100			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER
				8 1. 6.	8 1 5.
FEB. 21	22	30	33	N. E. SW.	clear do. cloudy
22	33	31	33	N. E. W. NW.	cloudy do. clear
23	27	29	75 27 75	NW. W. do.	clear do. do.
24	21	27	75 30	SW. do do.	cloudy do. do.
25	28	37	36 75	W. do do.	clear do. do.
26	38	41	40	N. NE. do.	foggy do. do.
27	38	42	46	N. E. S. W.	foggy do. clear

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ELBURN.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

DARK lower'd the storm, the furly gales
Humm'd rueful through the autumnal wood,
Within whose fallow bosom deep
Proud ELBURN's sumptuous Castle stood.

When ADELA, his beauteous child,
The feasting hall and guests forsook;
And where the sea was raving wild,
Her solitary station took.

And over many a heaving wave
Her eyes long looks of anguish threw;
And sighs of deepest woe she gave
To every gusty blast that blew.

"Arise my damsels," ELBURN said,
"For ADELA who loves to mourn,
"Along the desert beach hath stray'd,
"To wait her ALGERNON's return.

"Go bring her thence, and bind her hair,
"Her weeds let crimson vestments hide;
"With gold and gems adorn the fair,
"For she shall be ALPHONZO's bride."

The damsels heard, and rose with speed,
All shuddering at the harsh decree;
Yet none his mandate disobey'd—
A stern and haughty Lord was he.

With nimble steps and eager eyes,
Long time they sought the fair forlorn,
And found her where waves mock'd the skies;
With tangled locks, and garments torn.

O'er the vex'd deep, she anxious hung,
Nor seem'd to hear the chilling roar;
Though thro' the rocks the full gales rung,
And billows thunder'd on the shore.

"Ah why dost thou," the maidens cried,
"All heedless of thy lovely form,
"Stay thee by ocean's rocky side,
"Braving the spirits of the storm.

"Haste, haste thee to thy father's halls—
"Anxious for thy return he waits;
"Hark! From the battlements he calls!
"ALPHONZO's vassals croud the gates."

"Alas (she cried) my love I seek,
"And if his form I fail to find;
"Yet to the rough waves will I speak,
"And tell my griefs to the dread wind.

"Why—why, are parents hearts so hard?
"Surely that breast no bliss can know;
"Which griefs like mine will not regard,
"But adds a sting to every woe.

"Say damsels, was my love not fair?
"Did not the rose bloom on his cheek?
"What gem might with his eyes compare?
"What witching sweetness did they speak!

"Yes, they spoke Love, and t'was to me!
"Oh how my heart drank in the flame;
"No other lover could I see,
"No other lover could I name.

"But with a killing frown, my fire,
"(Because my ALGERNON was poor)
"Bade him to INDIA's shores retire,
"And there for me more wealth procure.

"Look maidens—see yon shiv'ring sail,
"That rises 'midst the murmuring foam!—
"Welcome cold winds, and pelting hail,
"Perhaps ye drive my lover home.

"Go tell my fire, I will not come—
"Bid proud ALPHONZO hence to hie;
"For till my partner finds his home
"Here on this rude rock will I lie."

They sped away—the sea rag'd high—
Through Heaven's deep vault, loud thunders peal'd,
Pale lightnings gilt the lurid sky,
That even horror's bosom chill'd.

Yet thunder's voice, nor lightning's glare,
Could ADELA's torn breast alarm;
She hail'd the elemental war—
She lov'd the music of the storm.

EOLUS blew his strongest blast—
The Ship awhile his force withstood;
But the proud winds her strength surpass'd,
And strew'd her fragments on the flood.

No sailor reach'd the wish'd for strand,
In vain the crew themselves would save,
For ruthless death with busy hand,
Each struggler plung'd beneath the wave.

And yet the maid endur'd the view,
And yet her heart to bust forbore,
'Till one tremendous billow threw
Her lover's corse upon the shore.

Then from the steep tall rock she sprung,
In silent woe his visage eyed:
Upon his much lov'd bosom clung,
Kiss'd his cold lips, look'd up, and died.

Scarce was her wondering spirit free,
When all attended by a throng,
Old ELBURN came toward the sea,
To bear his beauteous child along.

But woeful sight—on the wet ground,
And clinging round a bloated corse;
Pale, cold, and dead, his child he found—
Oh, what of nature was the force.

He saw—he felt—what could he more,—
He fell—his guards flew to his aid
In vain—the strife of life was o'er,
For ELBURN's wretched soul had fled.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 12, 1796.

A N N A.

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